

MORBIUS

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

AYALA • FERREIRA • POGGI • HANNA • SÁNCHEZ-ALMARA



MARVEL

2

LGY#43

RYAN
BROWN
-19-

MICHAEL MORBIUS was born with a rare blood disorder. Seeking a cure at all costs, he accidentally inflicted strange vampiric powers upon himself, complete with an all-consuming bloodlust. Desperate to finally be healthy, he struggled and experimented for years to cure his condition and his painful hunger to no avail.

Now, using materials taken from his raid on the Melter, Morbius thought he'd found a breakthrough. For a brief moment, his hunger was cured, his complexion returned. However, his joy quickly disappeared as his condition rapidly deteriorated and Morbius found himself feral, transforming deeper into his vampirism.

Morbius

THE LIVING VAMPIRE

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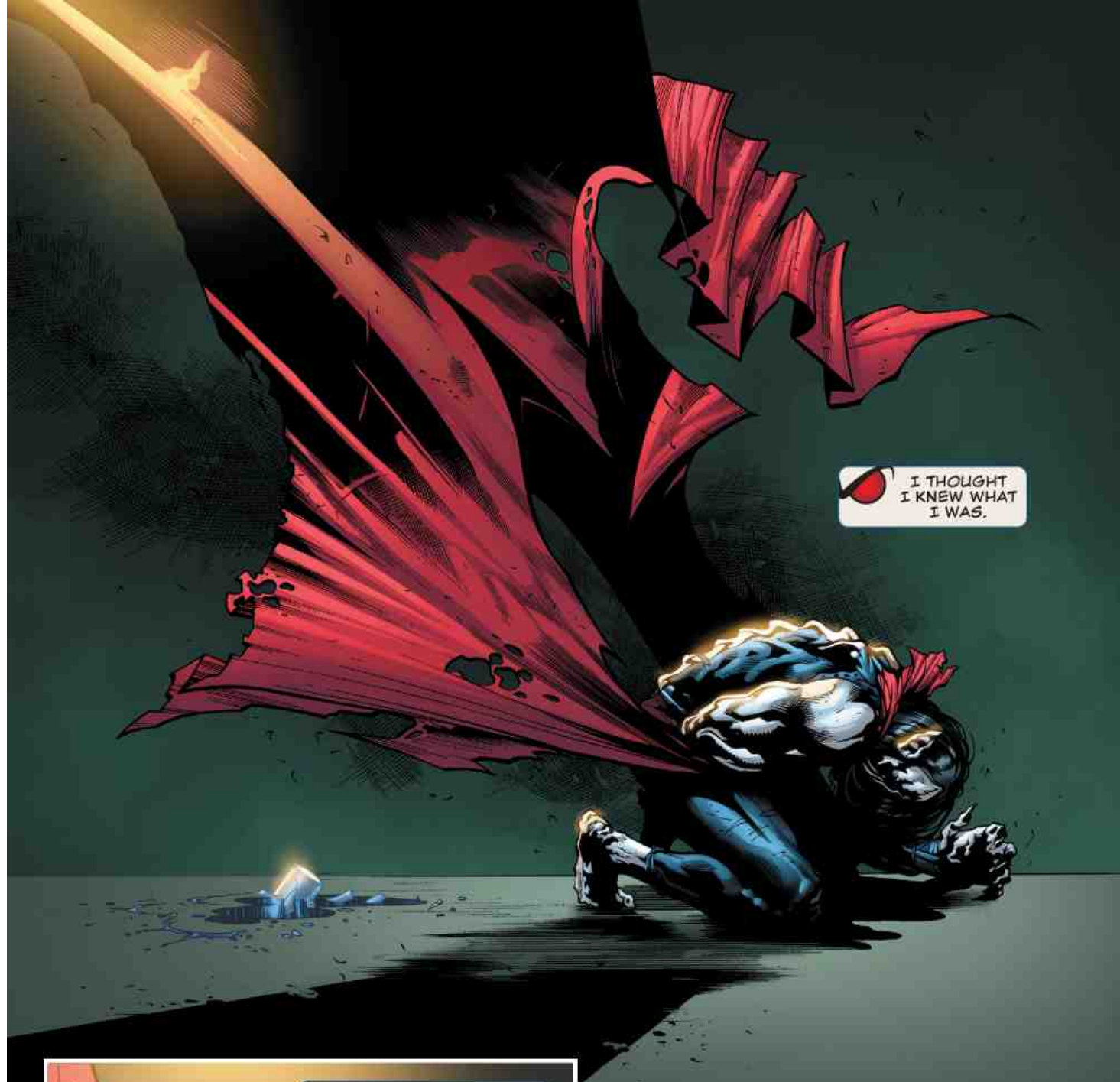
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I THOUGHT
I KNEW WHAT
I WAS.



I THOUGHT I UNDERSTOOD
THE DEPTHS OF THE
HUNGERING BEAST INSIDE.



I WAS
WRONG.

SO VERY
WRONG.

I WAS IMPATIENT.

IN MY HASTE TO RID
MYSELF OF THE MONSTER
INSIDE, I DID NOT
RESPECT THE SCIENCE.



I HARVESTED
INFERIOR
SUPPLIES FROM
CRIMINALS. I
EXPERIMENTED
WITH UNTESTED
METHODS AND
DID NOT BOTHER
TO TEST WHAT I
PRODUCED.

INSTEAD OF CURING
MY AFFLICTION, I HAVE
MADE IT **STRONGER.**



I FEEL THE HUNGER
IN THE MARROW
OF MY CRACKING,
SHIFTING BONES.



I BELIEVED THERE
WAS NO TIME, BUT
THAT THINKING WAS
BORN OF FEAR AND
NOT REASON.

I USED THEORY
AS MY BASIS
FOR MODIFYING
MY FORMULAS.

I CANNOT THINK,
CANNOT BREATHE,
EXCEPT TO SATIATE THE
HOWLING IN MY SOUL
THAT DEMANDS BLOOD.





NNNNNAAA
AAAA
RRRR
GGH!

THIS IS NOT
HAPPENING.



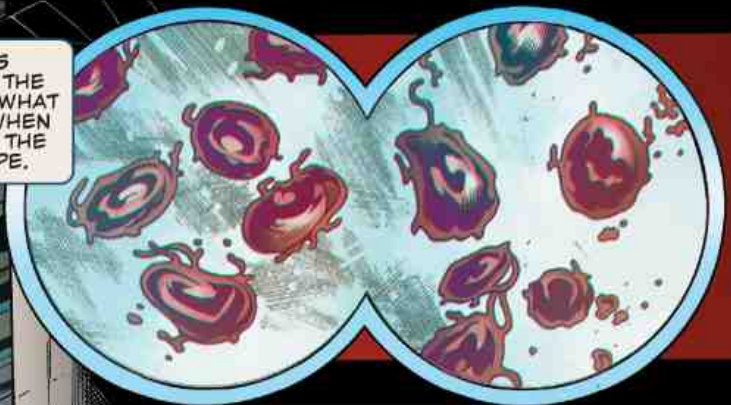
PLEASE...

ALL I
WISH IS TO
BE FREE.

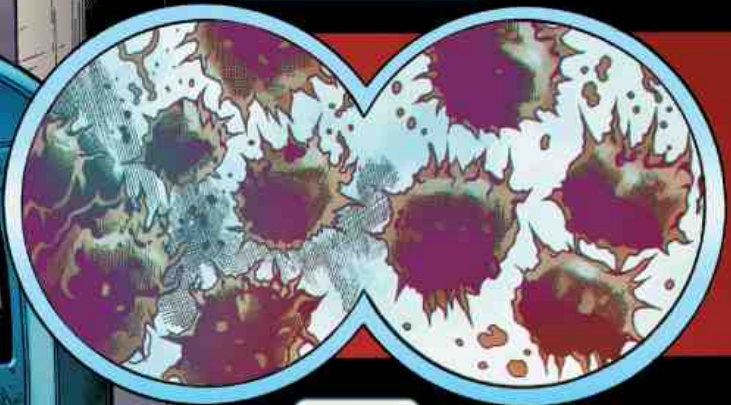




MY HANDS
TREMBLE AT THE
THOUGHT OF WHAT
I WILL FIND WHEN
I LOOK INTO THE
MICROSCOPE.



MY CONDITION IS NO
BETTER. MY BLOOD
STILL TAINTED.



AND
WORSE...



...THERE
IS A ROT.



A MUTATION IN THE
CELLS, SPREADING AS
IF IT WERE A DISEASE.
CONSUMING ME.



THE SERUM, IT HAS
ACTIVATED THE
THINGS I WISHED
TO SUPPRESS AND
ERADICATE.

IT IS A RISK--THE HUNGER
ALREADY BEGINS TO GNAW AT MY
THROAT ONCE MORE--BUT I NEED
MORE SUPPLIES TO STUDY THIS
NEW...DEVELOPMENT FURTHER.







ENOUGH
OF THIS!



I
QUITE AGREE,
Tépaç!*

*THAT'S GREEK FOR
"MONSTER"! --DEVIN



S
L
S
H
H

THE PAIN!
WHAT ARE
YOU?

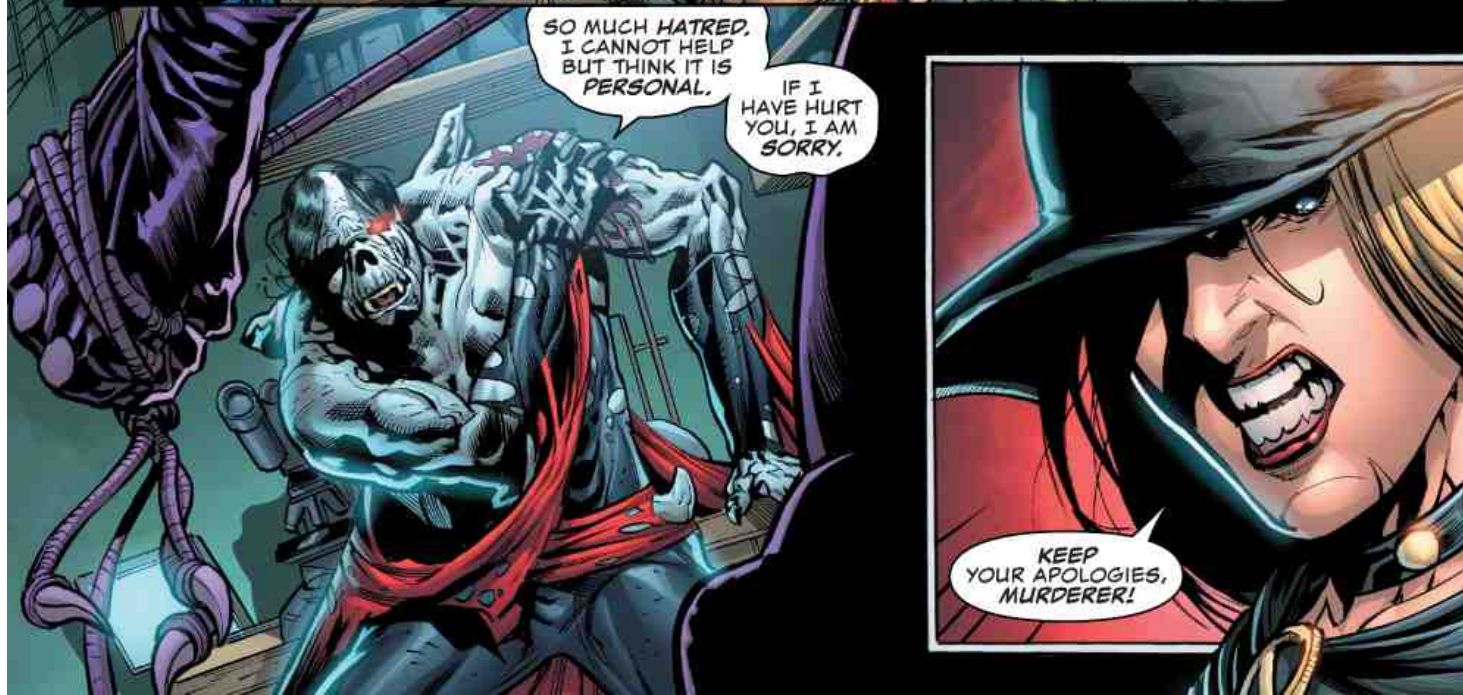


NOT
BAD, NOT
BAD.



EASY,
SISTER. LEAVE
SOME FOR ME,
HUH?

I OWE
OUR FRIEND HERE
A FEW.





THIS
WOMAN.

HER VOICE, THAT
LILT...IT IS SO
FAMILIAR, SOMEHOW.



PLEASE, I--
I KNOW I HAVE
DONE INCALCULABLE
HARM, BUT IT'S
NOT ME.

IT'S MY
DISEASE, MY
CURSE.

I FEEL THE
HUNGER
RISING
AGAIN.



YOU
DON'T LIKE YOUR
SKIN MUCH, RIGHT,
DARLIN'? SAY
THE WORD...



THE BEAST INSIDE
WANTS HER BLOOD,
EVEN AS THE MAN
SICKENS AT THE
THOUGHT.

I TOIL TO CURE
MYSELF, SO THAT I
MAY ATONE FOR ALL
THAT I HAVE DONE.



YOU
DESERVE NO
REDEMPTION.

AND YOU
WILL FIND NO
ABSOLUTION FROM
ME EXCEPT
DEATH.

I KNOW
THIS
WOMAN.



E-ELIZABETH...

...IS THAT YOU?

ELIZABETH DIED WITH EMIL.

I AM MERELY HER REVENGE.

HEARING EMIL'S NAME HURTS MORE THAN ANY WEAPON. MY DEAR FRIEND.

HOW COULD THIS BE ELIZABETH, HIS SISTER, OUR GENTLE AND LOVING SHADOW ALL THOSE YEARS?



NICE SETUP YOU GOT HERE, BLOODSUCKER.

LIKED THE EQUIPMENT BETTER IN MY OWN, THOUGH.

ELIZABETH, PLEASE...I AM SO SORRY.

I... LOVED EMIL AS MY OWN BROTHER...



DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK HIS NAME, βδέλλα!*

HE DIED FOR WHAT? TO FEED THAT HUNGER YOU HAVE. A SACRIFICE TO YOUR HUBRIS.

IT WAS NEVER ABOUT A CURE, AND ALWAYS ABOUT YOUR GLORY.

ANGER, WHITE HOT AND COURSEING THROUGH ME LIKE BLOOD.

THE THING INSIDE ME IS BREAKING FREE.



**"LEECH"
--DEVIN







I COME TO IN A LAB OR A BLOOD BANK I DON'T RECOGNIZE, BUT ITS CHEMICAL STENCH IS FAMILIAR.

AND SO IS THE TASTE IN MY MOUTH.

THEY WILL LIVE, WILL ONLY HAVE A FEW DAYS OF WEAKNESS TO REMEMBER THIS ENCOUNTER BY.

I AM USED TO TAKING FROM CRIMINALS, BUT TIMES ARE DESPERATE.

AND DESPERATION MAKES MEN DO UGLY, SAVAGE THINGS.

HRRAAAH!

RAVAGE



ELIZABETH...



IT WAS NOT ALWAYS
LIKE THIS--FOR
EITHER OF US.



THIS THING INSIDE ME
HAS WITHERED AND
TWISTED EVERYTHING
IT HAS TOUCHED.



I WAS
BETTER
THAN
THIS.

I WILL BE
AGAIN.



AND MAYBE IF I
ERADICATE THE
ROT INSIDE ME...

...I CAN
SAVE HER
TOO.



HNMMMM...



THE BLOOD HAS
QUIETED THE
BEAST--FOR NOW.

BUT MY WOUNDS ARE
NOT HEALING. AN ANTI-
COAGULANT ON HER
WEAPONS, PERHAPS?



...PLEASE...
WORK...

CLIK



WEE-OO!

SHE HAS CLEARLY
STUDIED ME. LEARNED
WEAKNESSES I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW I HAD
SOMEHOW.

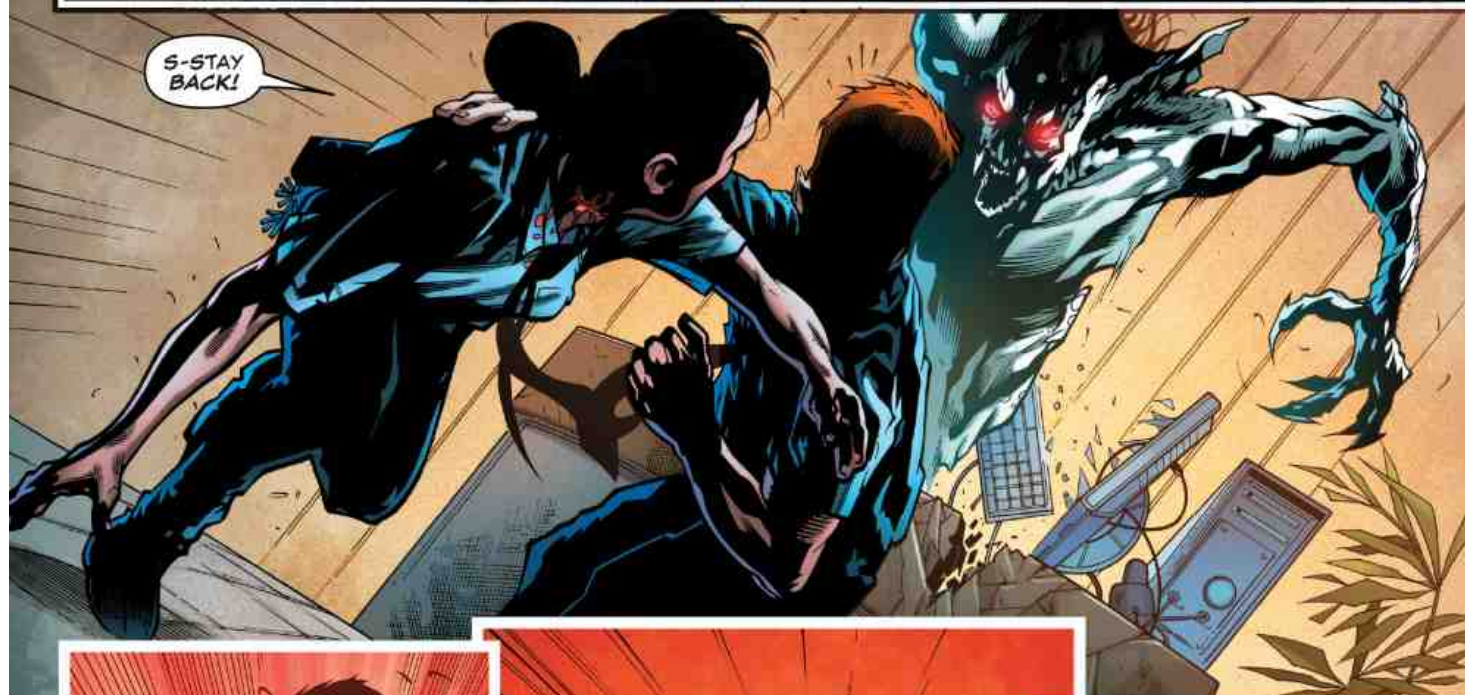


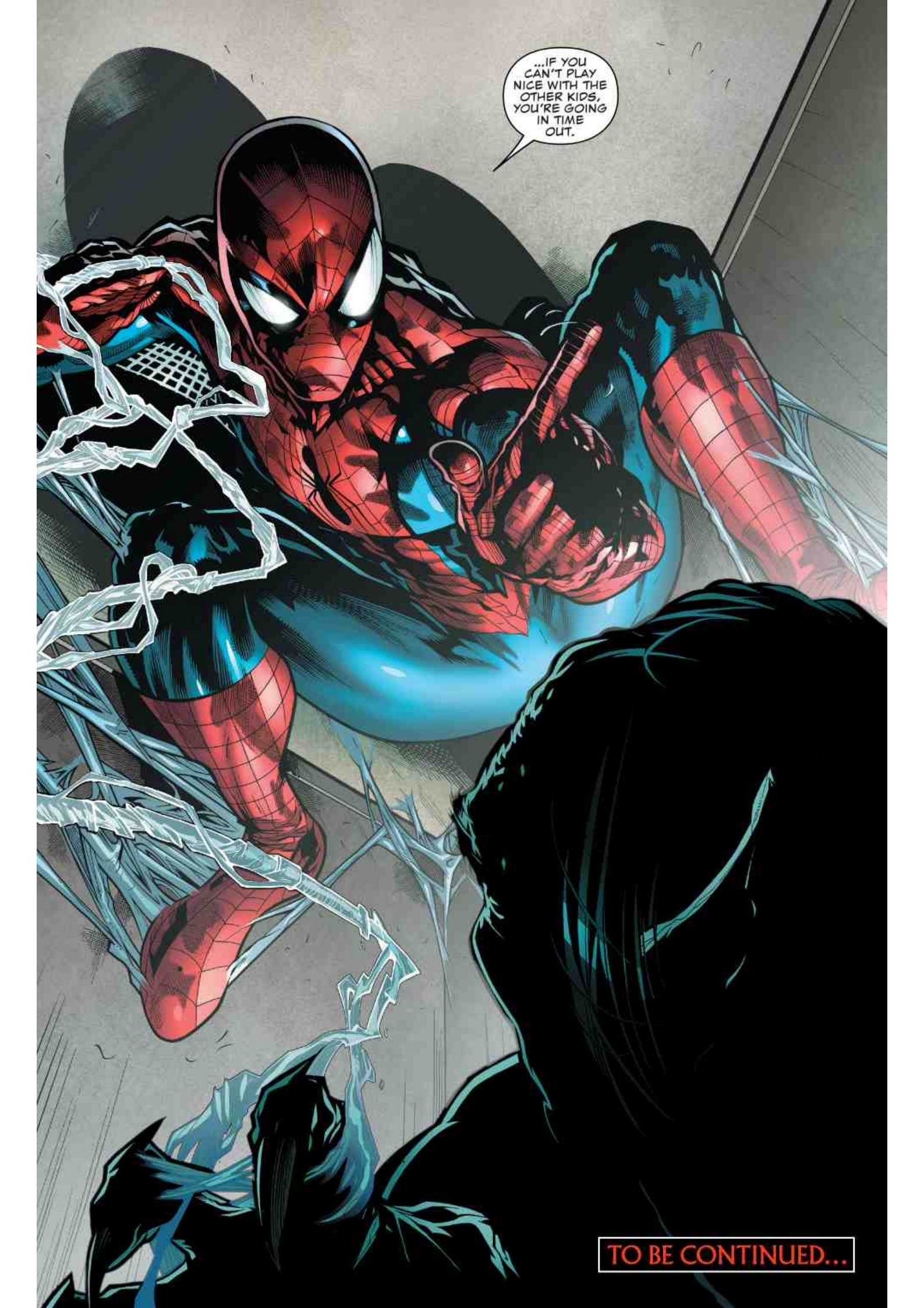
WEE-OO

HOW LONG
HAS SHE
HUNTED ME?

HOW LONG HAS HER
HATRED LED HER
DOWN THIS PATH OF
UGLY REVENGE?





A comic book panel showing Spider-Man in his red and blue suit, crouched on a grey floor. He is surrounded by a chaotic, web-like energy that appears to be breaking apart or shattering. The energy is depicted with jagged, white lines and a translucent, blue-tinted web pattern. Spider-Man's expression is one of intense focus or anger, with his eyes wide and his mouth slightly open. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, and a dark, shadowy figure is partially visible in the lower right corner.

...IF YOU
CAN'T PLAY
NICE WITH THE
OTHER KIDS,
YOU'RE GOING
IN TIME
OUT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Next

#3



